THE PACIFIC

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THE OLD AND NEW.

O, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right!
And step by step, since time began,
We see the sturdy gain of man;
That all of good the past has had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here—
The still, small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood, a burning bush.
For still the new transcends the old
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

Through the harsh noises of the day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.
Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden times and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then and there
Are now and here and everywhere.

—Whittier.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

SOME PACIFIC COAST UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE STATISTICS.

The total income of the University of California last year was $1,443,500. That of Stanford University was $750,000. Stanford had productive funds to the amount of $18,000,000; the University of California, $1,423,546.

The University of Washington had an income of $673,000, and productive funds amounting to $1,500,000.

The income of the University of Oregon was $141,000, and its productive funds amounted to $135,000.

These incomes were from all sources, including tuition and incidental charges.

Whitman College reported an income of $123,420, and productive funds to the amount of $257,273.

Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon, (Congregational) an income of $19,500 from tuition, board and incidentals only; and productive funds aggregating $240,000.

Pomona College at Claremont, California, an income of $56,000 and productive funds amounting to $270,000.

The University of the Pacific, a Methodist institution located at San Jose, had an income of $38,833 and productive funds to the amount of $115,000.

The University of Southern California, Los Angeles, also Methodistic, an income of $145,000; productive funds, $400,000

Oregon's Agricultural College is not connected with the State University as is the case in California. And the statistics give that college which is situated at Corvallis an income of $202.188.

At the close of the year 1909 the University of California had 7,659 living graduates, having sent out since its organization a total of 8,082.

At other institutions the number of graduates were: Stanford, 3,088; University of Oregon, 1,467; Washington, 1,185; Nevada, 593; Oregon Agricultural College, 873; University of Southern California, 1,076; Pacific University, 219; University of the Pacific, 620; Pomona College, 296.

The University of California listed as its oldest living graduate last year the Rev. Albert F. Lyle, of Newark, N. J., of the class of 1864. Pacific University named Harvey W. Scott, of the class of 1863, for many years editor of The Oregonian, and who passed into the other life a few weeks ago. The University of Oregon catalogued as its oldest living graduate three members of the class of 1878: Judge Bean, of Portland; and Ellen McCormack and M. S. Wallis, of Eugene.

The University of Washington named Mrs. Clara McCarty Wilt, of Tacoma, a member of the class of 1876.

The oldest university on the Pacific coast is Pacific University, the Congregational institution at Forest Grove, Oregon. It was established in 1849. It is rather a college than a university, however. Next in age stands the University of the Pacific, the Methodist institution at San Jose. Nor should this be ranked as a university, though so chartered. It dates from 1851.

The University of California was organized in 1860; the University of Oregon in 1878; the University of Washington in 1862; the University of Nevada in 1886; Pomona College in 1887; Whitman in 1882; Stanford in 1891; University of Southern California in 1879.

The University of California had last year an attendance of 3,450; Oregon University had 1,012; Washington, 1,846; Stanford, 1,667; University of Southern California, 1,576; University of Nevada, 302; Whitman College, 413; Pomona, 507; Pacific University, 241; University of the Pacific, 325.

Occidental College, a Presbyterian institution at Los Angeles for many years, now undenominational, had an attendance of 381.

The Oregon Agricultural College attendance of 1,351 indicates that the young men and young women of Oregon are given considerably to agriculture and the domestic arts.

The University of California had 386 instructors; Stanford, 198; the University of Oregon, 105; University of Washington, 99; Whitman, 48; Pomona, 38; Pacific University, 27; University of the Pacific, 32; University of Southern California, 219; Occidental College, 30; Oregon Agricultural College, 101; University of Nevada, 41.

The State of Washington, like Oregon, has its agricultural college separate from the State University. The one in Washingtonn is located at Pullman in the Eastern part the State, dating from 1892. It has 97 instructors and had last year an attendance of 1,282. Its income last year was $678.305. It has productive funds to the amount of $4,232,378.

A JAPANESE METHODIST BISHOP.

Bishop Honda, the first Asiatic Christian to be elected and consecrated a bishop and one of the first fifteen Protestant Christians baptized in Japan, has been spending a few days in California prior to his departure to resume his work in his native land. He came to the United States a few months ago, and was in attendance at the International Sunday School convention in Washington. He was also at the great missionary convention in Edinburgh, Scotland, and a fraternal delagate to the recent Methodist conference in Canada. He was entertained one evening last week by Mr. George Shima, the wealthy Japanese rancher, in his beautiful home on College avenue in Berkeley. Among the persons present were the Rev. and Mrs. C. R. Brown, the Hon. John P. Irish, Bishop Hughes and the Japanese Consul General.

Bishop Honda says concerning the Japanese religiously:

"It has been said that the Japanese people are very indifferent to religious matters. It is so among a small circle of the educated class. But as a whole the Japanese are a religious people. The following figures show the hold which Shintoism and Buddhism have upon the nation, and how they form the very warp and woof of the social fabric:

"Number of Shinto temples, 117,818; number of Buddhist temples, 109,739; total, 227,557; number Shinto

priests and preachers, 78,787; number Buddhist priests and preachers, 120,964; total, 199,751.

"Among these priests and preachers there are lots of intelligent and highly educated workers, and they retain their hold sufficiently upon the people to sustain this vast number of temples, and support this multitude of workers. The younger Buddhist priests are all required to study in training schools and pass the examinations Many priests are also required to study in training schools and pass the examinations. Many priests are graduates of universities in Europe and America. In fact, Christianity has greatly stimulated the Buddhist world, so that they pursue their work with renewed energy.

"A new Shinto sect called 'Tenoikyo' was started by an old woman and it now sweeping over the country. With a brief history of only a quarter of a century they have three million adherents. They appeal to the superstition and avarice of the people."

TWO WORD PICTURES.

Youth and I went out to sea;
Hope went with us, we were three.
Ne'er was such a company,
Ne'er was such an argosy,—
Cloth of dreams for sails had we.

From the reef of destiny
Called a voice to Youth and me
And to Hope,—for we were three,—
Voice of molten melody,
Singing love that may not be.

Hope in eagerness believed;
Youth, unrecking, was deceived.
* * * *
Youth lies stark upon the shore;
Hope is gone for evermore;
On the reef I cling bereaved.

The foregoing by Herbert Kaufmann appeared in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and while it pictures the tragedy of some lives it is not a picture of real life.

The following was written by the Rev. John Humfreys, pastor of the Congregational church at Angola, Indiana, under the caption "Safe Home," as offering a picture truer to the facts of every earnest life:

Age and I came back from sea;
Memory with us,—we were three.
Ne'er was such a company,
Ne'er such loaded merchantry,
Battered hulk and sails had we.

From the land of destiny
Came a voice to Age and me
And to memory—we were three—
Voice of softened melody,
And its richest songs had we.

Age its satisfaction reaching;
The quiet harbor greeting.
We had reached the home-land shore,
Honor safe for evermore,
Life's great work completing.

An ounce of earnest work weighs more than a pound of querulous faultfinding.

MY VACATION PRAYER MEETINGS.

W. N. Burr.

During a four weeks' vacation in Los Angeles this summer I attended but one Sunday service at our First church. The main auditorium of "First Church" was undergoing repairs; the morning services were held in the smaller auditorium on the parish house, and the evening services were omitted.

But on Wednesday nights the call of "First Church" was so strong that I made no effort to resist it. To go "boarding around" on Sundays was enough. On "family meeting night" I wanted to be at home.

It was a great privilege for a country pastor to spend four consecutive prayer meeting evenings with "our folks" of our First Church. In the city birds of a feather can flock together if they want to, and usually they do. In the country birds of all feathers must flock together, whether they want to or not. The country imperative has its compensations. It is not good for any man to go on year after year saluting his brethren only, but it is a great delight to look into the faces of one's own once in a while, and to breathe the family atmosphere. I went with my eighteen-year-old endeavorer to the "Endeavor meeting" at the First Church one Sunday evening. The topic was "What my Denomination is Doing at Home and Abroad." Seven bright young Congregationalists reviewed very briefly but intelligently the history and work of our family "benevolent societies." As we went out from the meeting the young man at my side remarked in hearty boy-fashion: "That seemed like home!" It was the church family strain in him asserting itself, with no reference whatever to the church or the particular Endeavor society of which he is a member. It is a great comfort to remember that the Scripture saith, "God setteth the solitary in families."

Caesar came into the first prayer meeting that I attended at the First church this summer. The pastor emeritus was the leader, the pastor being on a long journey, probably in Jerusalem that evening.

"Our Lord's teaching takes account of the things of this world in proper proportion to things of the spiritual kingdom," said the leader, " 'Now just tell us whether it is right to give tribute to Caesar?' the Master was asked. Note His simple answer. Here are the human and divine relations put in their proper proportion. There are things that belong to Caesar, and there are things that belong to God."

The people took up their part readily in the discussion. It was the week before the recent primary election, and the stream of "remarks" easily drifted into the way of citizenship obligations. "No man should find fault with Caesar who is indifferent concerning his duty as a voter," said one. A visiting pastor said he had just sent to his church a notice to be read the next Sunday, as he would be absent from his own pulpit, calling the attention of the men of his congregation to the "primaries" to be held the following Tuesday, and assuring them that he would be at home that day long enough to vote, though it has his vacation month. Another said, "I met a man the other day who said he was so busy doing church work that he had no time to give to business nor anything else. I wonder if we cannot sometimes best serve God by giving some of our time and strength to Caesar?"

At the second meeting the topic was, "What is the essential difference between one who is a Christian and one who is not?"

"He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not

the Son of God hath not life," quoted one. "The Christian is obedient," remarked another. "Yes, but that does not quite reach the heart of the matter," said a third. "A certain young man once came to the Master saying that he had kept the commandments from his youth up, and yet the Master said to him 'One thing thou lackest.'" "The doctrine of assurance has plenty of Scripture to stand upon," said another. "The first epistle of John is full of it; for example: 'Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God." "The difference between a Christian and a moralist is in the fact that the Christian is a Christ-centered man while the moralist rests on 'works of righteousness which I have done,'" said another.

This topic might profitably be considered in these days in a great many church prayer meetings. It would help to rub off some considerable complacency and superficiality, and touch a vital matter in the quick.

At my third First hurch prayer meeting we were entertained and instructed by Rev. C. B. Olds, one of our American Board missionaries, whose work is in Japan. Mr. Olds illustrated his talk by means of a number of excellent lantern pictures. His field is the province of Hyuga, in Southeastern Japan, "a predominantly American Board province," he tells us, "half as large as Connecticut, with a population of 540,000; two missionary families; seven churches with pastors, (five Congregational and two other denominations;) fourteen workers all told, or one to forty thousand; 630 Christians, or one to 860; twenty Sunday schools with from 1,500 to 2,000 children in attendance; and one Christian kindergarten."

"It is up to us to evangelize this province," says Mr. Olds, "it is American Board ground," and he is asking for eight new missionaries and their support.

"Sermons," was the topic of my fourth vacation prayer meeting at the First Church. The pastor emeritus spoke first on "the cost of sermons." "Sermons are things that cost in the making," said he, "a fact that is not taken into account always by those who only listen to sermons. A lady once said to me: 'Do you ever think before you go into the pulpit what you are going to preach about?' One might infer from that query that my sermons bear evidence of having been wrought without thought; but evidently she asked the question innocently, proving, however, that she had never given the matter of sermon production any thought herself. Anything that is worth anything costs something at sometime. Back of every sermon the mind that produces it was somewhere disciplined. Then the immediate preparation costs time and strength and mental power. And there is the cost of experience. Somewhere the preacher went through deep waters and learned things out where the floods overflow, before he could speak the message of comfort and consolation. It is sometimes said of ministers that they see nothing of life shut up in the study among their books. It is true that we may not see some things that are visible to the man who is out among men all the time, and in the thick of that intricate web called 'business;' but we see a good deal of human nature, too. As a keen botanist or bird student sees things out in the open that the rest of us would not observe, so a keen-hearted minister sees things as he walks through the street that are hidden, often from wise and prudent men immersed in business."

After the leader's talk on "the cost of sermons," the people were asked for their thoughts on "ways from getting the most from sermons."

"Perhaps Elespeth Macfadyen, the sermon taster, in Ian Maclaren's Briar-Bush story, did not take the best way of getting the most out of the sermon, though it was the common thing in my early days to sit in judgment on the doctrine, the orderliness, etc., of the sermon," said one. But it seems to me if we will prepare onrselves to get good from the sermon by prayer for the preacher beforehand, that we will very often find him feeding us, when we might have gone away unfed had we taken merely the seat of the critic."

"Once up on a time," said another, "sermons were very long and very learned, but I am thankful that ministers nowadays are putting something besides length and learning into their sermons. Those to which I listen are full of instruction; and I find one way of getting the good that is in them is to have notebook and pencil with me, and jot down portions that seem to make special appeal to me."

Said another: "My thought runs back tonight to a study in New England where a father stood day after day working at his sermons, and unconsciously helping his boys to see something of what a sermon costs in the making. One way to get the good in a sermon is to go to the service with a mind alert and reaching out for any good the sermon may carry—quite the opposite mind attitude from that of the man who said to his pastor: "I wish you would not preach any more on modern topics; they stir me all up so I can't go to sleep!"

It was Paul Brown, of the State Christian Endeavor Union, who spoke last. "One word of criticism may bar the door," aid he. "We must be careful about dropping hasty criticisms of the minister before the young people in our homes. Instead of talking to other people about a pastor's peculiarities or faults talk with God about them if we feel that we must do something about it. Young people are easily influenced, and a word of thoughtless criticism dropped before them may set up a barrier between them and the pastor that will make it impossible for them to get the good that is in his sermons."

They are rich feeding places, these First Church prayer meetings. If I lived in Los Angeles, and if I were the two thousand members of the First Congregational church of Los Angeles, there would be two thousand people at the Wednesday night prayer meetings at the First church, instead of———

La Canada, California.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Governor Harmon of Ohio holds that a money-crazed man is as dangerous as one who is blood-crazy, perhaps even more so. "The insane murderer running amuck is far less menaceful than a money-mad monopolist."

The initiation fee in the New York Stock Exchange is $2,000. n 1823 it was $10. Seats thereon sold last year as high as $85,000, and their aggregate value was $88,000,000. There are about 1100 seats. The lowest priced seats went for $72,000 last year.

Late estimates place the wealth of the United States at $120,000,000,000; that of Great BrBitain at $68,000,000,000; France $45,000,000,000; Germany $43,500,000,000; Russia $35,000,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $20,000,000,000; Italy $13,000,000,000; Belgium $7,000,000,000; Spain $5,400,000,000; Netherlands $5,000,000,000; Portugal, $2,500,000,000; Switzerland, $2,400,000,000.

A Congressional candidate in Pennsylvania, who spent $42,000 in a primary canvass in his district has been compelled to resign his candidacy and the court is following

him with process for conspiracy in defiance of law. The Westminster remarks: "That could not have been done in Venango county forty years ago. The trend is upward."

Tuskegee Institute has come into possession of a million dollar bequest from Mrs. Flora Dotger of Orange, New Jersey. Booker T. Washington, whose management has done so much to commend it to the public, is abroad now, studying the lowest types of labor in London and Berlin, and the agricultural methods in Southern Italy. He is to write a series of articles thereon for The Outlook.

In 1906 the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States formed a national organization to the end that the work might be unified and best developed. According to the statistics for 1909 there are in the united organization 189 city associations and 601 student associations. There is also a World's Young Women's Christian Association, with which are affiliated seventeen national associations, among them being Japanese and Indian associations.

The report of the World's Missionary Conference, recently held in Edinburgh, is to be published in this country by Fleming H. Revell Company, in nine 12 mo. volumes of over 300 pages each. A volume is devoted to each of the eight special topics dealt with by the Conference. The ninth volume contains a summary and complete index of the whole. The price is but nominal for so extensive a work—$5 net for the set. In addition, the Revell Company will issue early next month the officially prepared single volume popular study of the Conference, under the title, "Echoes From Edinburgh, 1910," by W. H. T. Gairdner, $1 net.

Not much has been seen in the newspapers of late concerning Passive Resistance in England. The British Congregationalist says: "The novelty has gone off the movement, but the movement still goes on; for the causes which originated it still persist, and even under a Government avowedly friendly to the Resisters is likely to persist, so long as the House of Lords can prevent the amendment of the Education Act of 1902. Dr. Clifford in a little pamphlet just issued restates the case, and urges the band of stalwarts neither to be dismayed nor to give way. Is England to be Converted to Rome? is the question title of the manifesto, which takes the affirmation of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman as its text. "There must be no statutory foothold for sectarian privilege in the public school system." Dr. Clifford sees no diminution of the injustice against which Passive Resistance protests. On the contrary, it grows. The Anglican and Roman Catholic Churches encroach more and more on the rates. The children of Free Churchmen are compelled to attend Anglican and Roman Catholic schools maintaind almost to the last penny out of taxes and rates paid by the community. Hundreds of teachers cannot obtain positions as headmasters and head mistresses unless they assent to the ecclesiastical faith of the managers. Hence he calls upon his allies to keep up the protest, and to work for a system of national education from which Churches as churches and priests and ministers as such are wholly excluded."

CONGREGATIONALISM IN WALES.

Jonathan Edwards.

It is well known that Wales is the most Congregational country in the world. The meeting of the Congregational Union of Wales is a great event. The last one was held at the town of Llanbedr. The president, Rev. William Davies, Llandeilo, took for the subject of his address, "The Social Mission of Christ and His Church." It was a masterly address. Other subjects were: "The Pulpit and Bible Exposition;" "Education in Wales;" "Observance of the Sabbath;" "The Country Churches and the Denomination;" "The Family Altar;" "Salaries of Ministers;" etc. On the preaching day there were thirteen sermons preached. The statistics of the denomination showed that there were 1,373 churches; 176,584 communicants; members of Sunday schools 186,995; ordained ministers 649; unordained 399. The number of backsliders 1,695, less than in 1893 the year before the revival. There are 15,964 more members than in 1903. The subject of salaries of ministers received special attention, and a comittee was appointed to co-operate with the committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

According to the "British Weekly," the Central Fund, formerly conducted by Rev. J. D. Jones and now by Rev. C. Sylvester Horne, as chairman of Congregational Union of England and Wales, is making rapid progress toward the million pounds aimed for. That will be a step in advance of American Congregationalism, and something worthy of imitation.

Sprague, Wash.

"THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS."

A Sunday Evening Address by the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto.

I am glad to give this book the measure of advertising it will receive from this evening's presentation. Whether you agree with its findings or not, the reading of it will at least cause you to do a considerable amount of thinking along a line which will be profitable. We have had a good deal of reading matter of late in magazine and book form setting forth the various problems connencted with organized religion—"What is the matter with the Church?" "Why I do not go to church?" You have read them. Regardless of the verdict rendered by the reader, the fact that these articles have appeared in periodicals which print what the people want to read, for fifteen cents a copy, shows a healthy public interest in the problems of the church and this fact should make us take courage. "If you cannot make your girl love you, make her angry with you," the old book of instructions to young wooers had it. Indifference is the most dangerous state of all.

I came to the reading of this book heartily predjudiced in its favor. I had finished the author's first book, "The Shepherd of the Hills," with reluctance. It was refreshing to live in the Ozarks for awhile with young Matt and Sammy and the Shepherd. Then, too, the book came to my hand from a friend who heartily agreed with its spirit and had found the charges laid at the door of the church in the main true, and who was expecting that I should agree also. In this spirit I read it carefully and thoughtfully and from it I give you my impressions.

Dan Matthews is a young man, strong physically and mentally, coming to his first pastorate, with none of the professionalism of the calling. He dealt with his work at first hand, in a clean well set-up way; is frank in his speech and actions, makes friends, and preaches interesting sermons. In all points he is a man. If you met him on the street you wouldn't suspect he was a minister and in this fact there seems to be, in the author's mind, a good deal of unrewarded virtue. Because he is a normal, healthy man, fair in his dealings, honest in his thought, and outspoken

in his expression of it, the author handles the Queen and Bishops and powers of the book to thoroughly checkmate him. The Girl is a winsome, wholesouled, generous woman, giving her life in the ministry of nursing. The old Doctor is gruff, honest, somewhat a philosopher, and Dan's fatherly friend. Neither are in the church. The nurse, because of her insight and experience, is an open and avowed enemy of organized religious thought, thoroughly religious, and the Doctor is waiting for Dan to learn his lesson that a real man cannot choose the calling of the ministry and endure.

The young women of the church are interested in Dan as a candidate for matrimonial honors, and the older women fill up their time with idle speculation as to the probable outcome. The leading elder is a church man because it pays and through his money has an undue influence in his denomination at large.

This is the situation which the young man has to face. He falls in love with the nurse. This is an affront to the young ladies of the church because he has not selected one of their own number, to the older people because she is not a "Christian," and to add "woe unto woe" the young woman, although she returns his affection, will not become his wife because of his work. His sermons are so sincere and modern that they offend the people in matters of doctrine, and finally he detects the leading elder in a crime and gains his enmity. The upshot of the whole matter is that Dan finds himself in a thoroughly hostile atmosphere, is forced to resign, and because of the elder's influence in the denomination, cannot obtain another church. He becomes a miner, marries the nurse and lives happily ever after.

The book commands attention mainly because it is dealing with a phase of life interesting to a large number of people. It holds your interest, not so much because of its literary skill, nor because of the character of the people it portrays, but because it sets forth the situation of an organization in which a large section of mankind is concerned. If it were setting forth merely the difficulties of a very likable young man then we might enjoy the book for a season and put it away in the box in the cellar without comment.

It must stand or fall as it proves just in setting forth this situation and wise in solving the problem connected with it. The whole tone of the book shows that the situation is to be taken not in an individual way but as typical of the church at large. Corinth is any town in America, and the church is any Protestant church. The sarcasm, the irony, the almost vicious charges are not directed against this church, but against the Church. The "feel" of the whole story reveals this. The nurse is hostile, not to the Corinthian church, but to the Church at large. This is indeed as it ought be, for otherwise the book would lose the larger share of its value.

In view of this fact I want to say in the first place, that in setting forth the situation the book is grossly warped. Uncle Tom's Cabin won its way among thoughtful readers, North and South, because it so fairly portrays the conditions of slavery. Not every slave owner was a Simon Legree, and not every slave was an Uncle Tom. It was the possibility of these two coming together which was the outstanding evil of slavery. The book with which we are dealing shows up only one situation, and a situation so mean and sordid and so utterly unworthy of a church as to be certainly not typical even if it is granted to be possible. One might presumably write a book in which every character had a wart on the end of his nose, and evolve a number of remarkable and interesting situations therefrom, but it would hardly claim rank with the books which throw some light on the real problem of human life. Our own church faces certain pressing problems. Our church building, fine as it is in other respects, is poorly lighted at our morning service, but no one wishes to write a novel about it as giving help to the hundreds of other churches in the land.

My own experience in the ministry has not stretched much farther than that of Dan Matthews, but I verily believe the church of Corinth has not its counterpart on land or sea. If it has, a battery of thirteen-inch guns ought to be drawn up before it and blow it to kingdom come. Either the author of the book, who, I am told, has served as a minister, found his lot cast on stony ground indeed, or during the writing of this book felt the touch of dyspepsia.

Human nature is not set up in such fashion, whether in people in a church, or on a baseball field, or at prize-fight, that manly sincerity does not hinge a bull's eye every time. There is something inside people which responds to the man, Dan Matthews, was supposed to be. There is a need in human lives which answers to the kind of sermons Dan Matthews is supposed to have preached. Where were the young men and young women in whom he created the same ideal that he had? There is no mention of them. Where are the older people who rejoiced to see this young man like a modern David ally himself with the world-old forces of righteousness against the world-old forces of evil? In this church their pews are empty. Where are the men, sick with doubt, who can rest secure for a season on this man's faith? Where are the soiled, worn souls who are refreshed by contact with his vitality? Not one of them stopped at the corner of the street where this church was situated. It was full of gossips and love-sick girls and pious know nothings and unpunished criminals. Not only was the church fashioned out of such timber but the whole church body, meeting in convention, was made of the same stuff. The author has stooped below himself here. He has been manifestly unfair.

The situation is warped, too, in the equipment with which it furnishes the young minister. The nurse has insight and experience well beyond her years. Dan is a cherub who has floated down from the Ozark mountains. It would be hard to find a man entering a work of any kind less well equipped than this young man was. He evidently expected no hard blows from any quarter; no problems were to be faced and solved. It was all to be a matter of study and visit and preach. If through his college course he had any dealing with human nature and human problems, even though he had escaped professional training, he would have been better equipped than he was. And if he had gone to any one of a score of professional schools for the training of ministers he would have faced, first hand, the very difficulties which confronted him and he would have been trained to meet them. He wasn't prepared for his job. He fell down when it came to the real work. He showed an incapacity for grasping a situation and directing it worthy of a school boy. There are other modes of handling a hard task than by going fishing with a fatherly old physician.

The equipment of the heroine, too, is exaggerated. She possesses an insight into religious conditions which allow her with evident approval of the author to withhold her strength from any organized form of religion although she herself has deep religious instincts. From whom did this superior judgment come? To what deep experience does she owe it? From what source does she draw her sanction for an action so at variance with the rank and file of the world's thinkers? Surely no one is so wanting in judgment as to assert that organized reli-

gion has not faced and always will face problems so great as to discourage the most courageous, but that does not lead one to refuse to pull an oar in the boat. The job has to be done by some one. A fool alone would assert that the organized expression of religion has been an entire mistake from the first and it were better to have left each one to take his own individual path. Then why should such a wholesome, sincere young woman leave the task to these other geese-like creatures. Who knows but that she too has come for such a time as this.

In speaking of the ministry she is allowed to say that it is a useless calling and to rank it far below her own. She has a worthy right to place her own calling high up. It will surely find its place written in the Book of Life well up toward the top line. But surely, when she made this startling announcement, she was not thinking of the names which make up the long roll-call of those who have chosen this calling as their service to mankind. Jesus of Nazareth first, because he was a minister, and he believed in the power of organization. He thought that a group of people, held together by certain common principless, would have more force than the same number working separately. He chose twelve men and held them to him till in some measure they all became possessed of the came ideal—the setting up of the kingdom. And he relied upon the spoken word to accomplish much of that task. He annnounced that he would establish his church upon the common recognition of the true worth of the life he lived, and their allegiance to that life.

And after him have come the long line of successors. Surely they have not been altogether useless. Chrysostom and St. Francis, Savanarola and Luther, and Wesley and Knox, Spurgeon, Beecher and the great Brooks. Surely here are those for whom even one who rendered as high a service as this young woman did might hesitate to unloose the latchet of their shoes. They worked through the organized forms of religion. Every one of them took what he found and left it better because he put a large portion of his life into it. She was not thinking either of those who are bearing the burden and heat of today. Take seven men of the church with which we are connected. Lyman Abbott of America, Chas. E. Jefferson of New York, Newell Dwight Hillis and Chas. A. Gordon of Boston, F. W. Gunsaulus of Chicago, Washington Gladden of Columbus and our own Chas. R. Brown of Oakland. Their service can hardly be linked with the word useless.

Because of their upright lives, their clear insight into religious and social needs, their broad sympathy and striking personalities, they are rendering a service which is pushing out into a much larger circle than that which counts itself of the church. And then, too, there are the rest of us, a large company, cut after a smaller pattern maybe, but among us we could muster a considerable vote that we are neither useless nor undsirable citizens.

For these reasons I believe Mr. Wright has set forth a highly colored and therefore false situation. He has been eminently unfair to the Christian Church.

In the second place the prescription he offers will not cure the disease.

Read it up and down from left to right; there is no getting around the fact that Dan Matthews is a quitter. He doesn't live up to his introduction. He must have had a weak spot somewhere which the author doesn't show up in his estimate. The solution here is simply this—the church is such a mess and tangle of the sordid and unworthy element of human life that a good strong, effective man should go off to Dewey Bald and become a miner. It's like the man who went out after a bear with a gun loaded to the muzzle. The bear say him first and started for him. That night the man said he ran because he thought he could run the bear to death and so save reloading the gun. Dan's going off to the pleasant task of marrying a wife doesn't solve the question before the house. It may be all right for Dan, but the main interest of the reader is not in Dan, if he is serious-minded, but in the problem of securing capable leadership for this institution which possesses an abiding interest for a large section of humanity. The prescription won't do the work for the church. It doesn't render any help to turn this organization over to the weak-minded or vicious Corinthians and stay on the side lines as the doctor and nurse did, or take to the hills as Dan did. It may make people well to be a nurse; it may bring more metal into the market to be a miner—but this does not throw any light on the dark spots of organized religion. This is saying, "I came, I saw, I was conquered," and going your way, turning over the work to the next man who has the calibre to stay in the game.

"But Dan Matthews was forced out of the church." Conditions were such he couldn't stay." "He was too good for them." When a traveling man goes out on a trip the boss expects him to send in a regular report. There is room there for the number of hours he worked, the amount of goods he sold and the person to whom they are to be delivered. There are blanks for telling that Smith & Co. were away, that Jones didn't like the line of goods, that the salesman felt a little under the weather. His pay and the length of time he stays in the firm depends upon the amount of goods he sells per month. If circumstances rise up and stand in the way, he draws his one hundred and fifty a month to change circumstances. When a newspaper man reports his business to the stockholders at the monthly meeting, you will not find them eagerly listening to the number of subscriptions which have been cancelled and the reasons therefore, nor why the Emporium and Shreve & Co. have refused to continue their advertisement, nor the reason that the paper across the street is getting the transient readers away. The managing editor stands or falls by results. This is true in both these cases because the same conditions have faced other men in like trades since time began.

The circumstances which fronted Dan Matthews were circumstances which abide in human nature and men and women have lived in other cities than Corinth and in other centuries than the twentieth, and men have faced these same people and have not taken the trail to the Ozarks. I have known a number of young men who have left the ministry. They found themselves unfitted for the peculiar demands of the work; they could not think clearly enough; their nerves were not set up to stand the strain; they could not command a large enough salary to pay the monthly bills; the type of service they rendered was not effective enough to command a place (any one of us may get into this class); but they did not go out with colors flying as if they had taken the tape and applause from the grandstand was not deafening. There was no sober statement like this: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course."

There was a man who came to a certain city by a western sea. He set out to fight against greed and dishonesty, and all the good people cheered him. And the path he followed led him to the houses and into the coffers of the good people and they deserted him. One day he was shot and a weakling would have died. The courts of the land were bought and he lost his fight.

Then he went to the people and again he lost his fight. But he didn't lose his belief in democracy or in the institutions for justice and the other day came a message of cheer and courage to the man upon whom his mantle has fallen, who is fighting the same fight in the whole state. He is still a lawyer and his sign is out. He is doing business in the same old way. He hasn't become a blacksmith.

"But Dan Matthews tried to get another church and he couldn't do it.",

I know two churches which Mr. Matthews can have right now. If he is the man he is said to be, if he can really preach two sermons, twenty minutes each, every Sunday, for eleven months and have people listen and go home stronger and better equipped with hope and faith for the Monday morning task, he can have my job tomorrow and I will get out and scratch for another.

The Church of Jesus Christ in the world today is human because it is made up of very human men, women and children. Its problems stir the passions of men and there is bitterness of spirit and tones of reproach, for it enters into the deep recesses of human life. It is concerned with issues which are not for an hour or a day, but which abide. It fumbles at those issues with clumsy hand. There is sometimes anguish of heart because here, where we have placed our love and hope, there is pettiness of spirit. But it were better for one to dwell in this house for a day and lend a hand than to have a mansion over on the other hill and grow fat through the years.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Sixtieth Meeting.

The sixtieth meeting of the Bay Association of Congregational churches and ministers was held in Plymouth church, Oakland, last Friday. It was the best attended meeting for many years, and the program of exercises was of exceptional interest.

Forms of Service to Community.

Under the theme "What Forms of Service Ought the Church Render the Community?" the Rev. C. L. Mears, of the First Church of Alameda, said that it was for the church to render a loving, motherly service, and thus to inspire and draw out the best there is in men and women. It is incumbent on the church to make its ideals a motive power in society. The church should be the social center, the delight, the joy, the inspiration, the pride of the whole community.

Mr. Frank S. Mulford, State Parole officer, told of the good work that is being done under the prison parole law. He regards it as the Lord's work and thinks that the Lord's people should know about it and further it.

If a prisoner is serving a long sentence or for life he is eligible to parole, if his conduct has been such as to give him proper credits, after he has seen eight years of prison life. But it is necessary before parole can be granted that he have assurance of satisfactory and profitable employment. It is also necessary that he deposit $25 with the warden to secure expense of his return to prison in the event of a violation of the terms of parole.

It is in giving or securing employment and in furnishing the necessary funds that valuable aid can be rendered. Mainly those who have been paroled are leading useful lives. Statistics show that ninety out of every one hundred persons paroled since the law was enacted have completed their terms without violation of their parole. Experience with such cases show that a paroled man is a safe man to have in employ, for he knows that any criminal act on his part will send him back to prison.

President King Concerning India.

President King of Oberlin college spoke on India. Believing that the great questions and problems of the next twenty-five years are to be affected largely by our relations with the Orient, he went abroad to study conditions in China, Japan and India.

Speaking especially of India at the meeting last Friday, he said that his investigations led him to conclude that the Brahminical philosophy did not have much to contribute to Christian life and thought. It is most exclusively metaphysical and ignores experience. There is in it nothing ethical and to its devotees social application means nothing.

President King said that in India he found parallelisms with our best and our worst, and the atmosphere is saturated with vice. He was impressed with the greatness of the work already done by Great Britain and by the great work yet to be done. The task is to bring India to her own, and not to dominate her from without. The unrest there he regards as a part of of a world-wide movement, and is to be met by bringing largely into government the Indians themselves.

As to education Great Britain has only nibbled around the edges. It is largely secular, the English government leaning over backwards in its desire not to do injustice to the Indian religions. And the need is for a great Christian university and union colleges and seminaries through which to give a rational, ethical, social conception of religion. The danger is that the old ideals will go too soon—ere they can be replaced by those that are better. The evangelism that is needed in India, said President King, is of the earnest, reverent, sympathetic type. There as well as elsewhere we have reached an epoch, have passed the elementary stage, and no backroom methods will suffice. He found the system of caste considerably broken down, at least superficially, and that its stronghold is with the women.

Business and Social Matters.

The Rev. C. L. Mears and the Rev. F. W. Reid were received to membership, and the Rev. L. P. Hitchcock given transfer to Los Angeles Association.

The Rev. Dr. Tenney was elected delegate to the National Council. Prof. Buckham is the other delegate, having been chosen at a previous meeting.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer, pastor of the entertaining church, told of the influence the church had been able to get in the community by attention to athletics which could not have been gotten otherwise, and just before supper there was an exhibition basket ball game on the grounds adjoining the church.

Around the supper table Mr. E. P. Flint, a California pioneer, spoke in a very interesting way concerning the admisison of California into the Union, the meeting being held on Admission Day. Superintendent Rathbone voiced the esteem in which the Rev. F. M. Price of Park Church, Berkeley, is held, who is to return soon to the foreign missionary work in China, in which country he labored long and earnestly before going to the Micronesian field.

Mr. Price told then in a touching manner of the way he had been led to look on it as a duty to return to China.

Evening Service.

The evening was given in the main to an address by the Rev. C. R. Brown, "Some Personal Observations in Japan." Mr. Brown spoke in a delightful manner. We shall not spoil the address by any attempt to report it. Moreover, it is one which Mr. Brown will be called on to give on numerous occasions in the future, for they who hear a good thing always want others to hear it.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA

Fruitvale.—At the September communion four persons were received to membership, three on confession.

Clayton.—Two persons were received into membership at the communion service on Sept. 11, uniting by letter.

Rio Vista.—The parsonage has been repainted and otherwise renovated and improved at an expense of about five hundred dollars. The Rev. W. H. Scudder continues to act as supply. The church hopes to have again ere long a settled pastor.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Rev. J. Perry Ratzell, for three years pastor of the church at Eureka, who has been supplying the pulpit of Green St. Church during the three months' vacation of its pastor, has left for his home in College City. He is a very able preacher and his sermons were greatly enjoyed by members of the congrgation. His prayer meetings were especially interesting, as he is a teacher of great ability. His short stay has been very helpful and he leaves with the best wishes of all.

Orloff.—Dr. Harwood has resigned the head of the Sierra Polytechnic Institute at Paradise, Cal. He originated the school and has served it four years without salary and has raised and given thousands of dollars for its support. His resignation has virtually been in the hands of the trustees a year, and when word came that a successor could be had he peremptorily resigned. The reports of friction in the board and a request from the board for his resignation, widely published through the state, are entirely false. He leaves of his own accord and with the best wishes of the Institute.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A service in memory of the Rev. Dr. George C. Adams was held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco last Sunday morning, the Rev. C. R. Brown preaching the sermon from a text in the 4th chapter of Second Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The great apostle who penned these words never knew how to confess defeat—never was defeated; and no better words can be found to characterize the one whom we remember this morning, said the preacher. In the work to which he had consecrated himself he never faltered, no matter what the difficulties, and his life stands now before us as one well-rounded and successful in the work for righteousness. Mr. Brown proceeded then to speak of Dr. Adams as a man of exceptional good sense, one with a grasp on practical affairs, capable of seeing what ought to be done and then with the ability to show how it could be done; one of genuine integrity both natural and acquired; of rare tact, concentration, broad sympathies and great moral heroism. These traits were made evident during the fourteen years of his pastorate in the First Church, and for such a man and such a pastorate the church would ever have reason to be profoundly thankful.

After this consideration of the life and work of the beloved pastor Mr. Brown asked, "And what are the lessons from all this?" And the thought was that it was a day for a new vision for the bereaved church and for a renewed consecration to the work in which Dr. Adams had so courageously been leading them. The minds of all were led back to the time when the first disciples of Christ stood around his sepulchre and they were pictured as remembering his words and returning from the sepulchre and entering on service. It was in the year that King Uzziah died that Isaiah saw the Lord. Out of the grave of young Leland Stanford had sprung a great university.

Further Mr. Brown would have the people of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco see that the time had come for a movement for the endowment of the church. In his judgment this is imperative if it is to remain a down-town church and do the work it is called to do as such a church. He suggested at least a hundred thousand dollar endowment.

It is to be hoped that a movement of this kind will be inaugurated. We know that it was one of the great desires of Dr. Adams that the church be endowed. He felt for years that the time would come in the not far distant future when it could not otherwise do the work it was called to do.

There are those who believe that to endow a church is to cripple it, that the membership do not under such circumstances feel the responsibility which they should feel. But as a down-town church the First Congregational Church of San Francisco would even with a handsome endowment be able to furnish sufficient scope for the exercise of responsibility on the part of as large a membership as it can hope ever to have. It ought to be endowed with even a larger sum than that suggested by Mr. Brown.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

A largely attended special meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference was held at the First Congregational church, Los Angeles, Wednesday, September 7, for the purpose of taking action on a report from the Board of Directors relative to the selection of a Missionary Superintendent.

The Board of Directors, through the Conference Moderator, Rev. J. H. Williams, D. D., of Redlands, placed in nomination the name of Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, of Escondido, and after strong commendatory words by a number of the pastors and delegates, the vote was taken—a unanimous and hearty vote in favor of Mr. Larkin. The Superintendent-elect was then escorted to the platform, and, in a strong, tender, manly address, accepted the office.

There seemed to be absolute harmony of feeling concerning the choice of Mr. Larkin for this responsible position. He has been in the Southern California pastorate for a number of years, first as assistant pastor at Riverside, then pastor at Ontario, and later at Escondido. A special inauguration service is being planned, to be held in the near future. **W. N. Burr.**

MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Rev. Horace Houlding, the founder and director of the South Chihli Mission, China, spoke to the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at their meeting last Monday. Mr. Houlding had been assigned twenty minutes of the hour, and Rev. C. R. Brown forty in which to speak concerning Japan. At the end of the twenty minutes for Mr. Houlding Mr. Brown arose and requested that the entire time be given to the former, so remarkable was the information which he brought concerning his work in China. This was done and for nearly three quarters of an hour longer Mr. Houlding held the interest as he narrated his experiences as an independent

missionary among the Mongolians. It was a thrilling story of Divine leading and blessing.

When Mr. and Mrs. Houlding went to China fourteen years ago it was with this Scritpure in mind: "My expectation is only from the Lord." They went as steerage passengers, not commissioned by any missionary board, but as Faith missionaries to establish a new and independent work. The aim was not to divert funds from the regular channels of beneficence. God has used their consecration wonderfully and has wrought through them as instruments a great work. Today there are in South Chihli Mission eleven stations with eighteen American workers and seventeen native evangelists and a great work is being done.

It is to this Mission that the Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price, of the Park Church, Berkeley, expect to go next month. In view of his departure soon again to China, where he labored several years in his early ministry, Mr. Price has been asked to speak to the ministers at their meeting next Monday, at which time he will tell why and how the hearts of himself and Mrs. Price have turned again to the foreign mission field.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose addressed the Philomath Club, an organization of prominent Jewish women of San Francisco, in the rooms of the California Club on Monday afternoon.

Superintendent Fisher of the Sunday School Society has gone to Oregon and Washington to consult with the superintendents of the society in those states on the work on the Pacific Coast.

Professor Lewis B. Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary is giving a series of lectures in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, under the auspices of Pacific Seminary. They are illustrated with stereopticon slides and on subjects as follows: 1. Light on the Old Testament from Recent Archaeological Discoveries in Palestine. 2. Jerusalem in Old Testament Times. 3. Remains of the Graeco-Roman Period in Palestine. 4. Jerusalem in New Testament Times. Professor Paton is one of the foremost scholars in Old Testament History and archaeology, and speaks from personal experience of residence and travel in Palestine. He is a very interesting lecturer. The dates are Thursday and Friday of this week and Monday and Tuesday of next week. Lectures are free to the public.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The directors met immediately after the annual meeting, Sept. 7, and elected the following officers: President, Mrs. R. B. Cherington; recording secretary, Mrs. S. F. Bufford to serve until regular incumbent is chosen; treasurer, Miss M. C. McClees; Branch secretary, Mrs. H. E. Jewett; Home secretary, Mrs. W. J. Wilcox; Foreign secrtary, Mrs. E. R. Wagner; auditor, Mrs. A. W. Moore. Vice-presidents, 1st, Mrs. J. K. McLean; 2nd, Mrs. H. E. Jewett; 3rd, Mrs. C. R. Brown Directors, Mrs. H. R. Miles, Mrs. J. H. Williams, Mrs. W. Hoge, Mrs. J. A. Freiday, Miss L. N. Richards, Mrs. G. D. Castor, Mrs. R. C. Kirkwood.

At the 37th annual meeting of the W. B. M. P., held at Bethany Church, San Francisco, Sept. 7, the committee on resolutions, consisting of Miss Laura N. Richards and Mrs. S. R. Yarrow, reported as follows:

1. In view of our sense of deep loss in the sudden passing away of Dr. Geo. C. Adams, the W. B. M. P. hereby expresses sincere appreciation of his untiring interest in our work and extends to his wife and family heartfelt smpathy and the assurance of continued remembrance in our prayers.

2. No one has served longer nor more faithfully on our Board than our beloved former president, Mrs. H. E. Jewett. We extend to her our heartfelt sympathy in her bereavement. We share her grief, as we, as a Board, have lost in Mr. Jewett a helpful counsellor and friend.

3. Death has also taken during the year the first treasurer of this Board, Mrs. R. E. Cole, whose long and faithful service we remember with gratitude and we take this opportunity to extend to her daughter our loving sympathy.

4. The sympathy of the Board is extended to Miss Wilson in her continued illness and our prayers go out for her recovery. We thank her physicians, Dr. Adelaide Brown and Drs. Sherman and McChesney, who have given her every attention without remuneration.

5. Resolved that we express our thanks to the W. B. M. for their timely co-operation at Broosa, both in giving us the assistance first of Miss Powers and now of Miss Jillson from Symrna.

6. Resolved, that we send to Miss Powers, now returning to America, our love and express our appreciation for all she has done for us in the last four strenuous years at Broosa in our girls' school.

7. Resolved, that we recognize the sacrifice involved in the transfer of Miss Chapin to Pao-ting-fu, and that we send to her special greeting and our thanks.

8. As one of the federate Boards enjoying the benefits of the Mt. Hermon Federate School, we would express to the Central Comimttee on Mission Study our hearty appreciation of the work of Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery.

9. More than ordinarily must we thank our entertaining church, who so willingly and so bountifully assumed the responsibilities for the bereaved sister church. And as we understand that this noble First Church also contributed to our entertainment, to them our gratitude and sympathy go out at this time.

WOMEN'S JUBILEE MEETINGS.

In view of the fact that it is now nearly fifty years since the organization of the first Woman's Union Missionary Society of many denominations in the United States, Women's Jubilee Meetings are to be held in some thirty cities. On this coast Jubilee Meetings will be held in Seattle, Portland and Oakland. The date for Oakland, including San Francisco, will be October 20, 21.

A preliminary meeting, attended by representative women from the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian and Christian denominations, the Jewish Mission and the King's Daughters, and presided over by Mrs. J. G. Chown of San Francisco, was held in the First Baptist Church of Oakland, Sept. 6, and another meeting will be held to meet the advance agent of the Jubilee Meetings. It is expected that the Jubilee will be largely attended. Now is the chance of missionary women to interest every uninterested woman in foreign missions. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, of Rochester, N. Y., author of this year's new text-book, "Western Women in Eastern Lands," a woman who is a charming speaker, accustomed to addressing Eastern summer schools, will be here to talk to us. There will be a very big banquet and a stereopticon

lecture. Spread the news throughout your own church! Gentlemen are allowed to be present in the evening only.

The Woman's Union Missionary Society, whose Jubilee we celebrate, was organized in New York City through the influence of a Baptist missionary's wife from Burma. In 1860 she told some of the New York women of the degredation of women among the heathen, and the result of her appeal was the organization of the society including women of many denominations, with Mrs. Thomas C Doremus, of New York, as president. The society was incorporated February, 1861, and branches, auxiliaries and mission bands afterwards were organized in Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, St. Louis and other places. Come to the Jubilee in Oakland. Bring every woman that you know!

M. E. BAMFORD,
Chairman Publicity Committee.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

An interesting social event occurred in the First Church of this city last Wednesday evening, in the nature of a reception extended by the Ladies' Aid Society, to Rev. Herbert G. Crocker and his wife, who recently arrived here from Brooklyn, N. Y., to take charge of the Atkinson Memorial Church, recently organized, on the East Side, through the especial efforts of Rev. D. B. Gray, Superintendent of the Congregational City Missionary Society. At the reception alluded to Mr. Gray presided, and after giving a welcome on behalf of the Society he represented, gave a brief account of the organization of the Memorial Church, of what it stood for, and of the hopeful outlook for its future, situated as it was in the midst of an attractive portion of the city, rapidly building up, with no other church of any kind within a mile. Rev. E. S. Bollinger, acting Home Missionary Superintendent, gave a cordial welcome on behalf of that body. Rev. Dr. Paddock, of Hassalo Street Church, gave a welcome on behalf of the Congregational City Ministerial Association. The voice of welcome by the First Church was expressed most felicitously by Dr. Dyott, and the neighborhood in which the church is located gave its welcome through Mr. W. T. Gardner, Superintendent of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, the home of which is located about three blocks distant. It was with some difficulty that Mr. Crocker could find words to fittingly respond to the many kindly expressions of greeting that had been bestowed upon his wife and himself, but assured all present that he fully realized the responsibility of the work he had undertaken, and proposed to exert himself to the utmost, as guided by the Holy Spirit, to build up a church that would honor the name of God and the noble man after whom it was called.

Mr. Crocker was ordained 1902, and served the Hillside Church, Omaha, for a time. About 1903 he went to Brooklyn, N. Y., and was assistant pastor of the Lewis Avenue Congregational Church, having over 1000 members, and for the last three years he has been the assistant pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Brooklyn, Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor, which has approximately 2300 members.

One of the beloved mothers in Israel, Mrs. Mary Duncan Kelsey, who has been a member of the First Church of this city for twenty-four years, died on September 4th at the age of 83 years and 6 months. Mrs. Kelsey, whose maiden name was Duncan, was born in Maysville, Ky., March 4, 1827, and was married to Rev. Lysander Kelsey on May 20, 1847. Mr. Kelsey was a native of Vermont, his birthplace being Sudbury, on October 30, 1818. After graduating at Milbury College, he removed to Ohio, and took a theological course at Lane Seminary, at once entered into the active ministry and continued in that relation for more than forty years, during twenty years of which he was the Superintendent of the C. H. M. S. for Ohio, with his headquarters at Columbus. In all the varied experiences growing out of such a strenuous life, Mrs. Kelsey was ever a helpmeet in the highest signification, and her husband's most valued counsellor. Mr. Kelsey died in this city May 17, 1889. Duirng the twenty-one years of her widowhood Mrs. Kelsey has been an example of Christian faith and good works worthy of all emulation. She was the mother of three sons and two daughters. Her oldest son, Rev. Frank D. Kelsey, D.D., was pastor of Central Congregational Church, Toledo, Ohio, at the time of his death, two years ago last February. Another son, a minister, Rev. Edward D. Kelsey, D D., is now a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. A third son, a layman, also lives in Brooklyn. Of the daughters, one, Mrs. C. F. Hanke, resides in Washington, D. C.; the other, Mrs. E. K. Van Every, while her home has been in Pomona, Cal., for several years, has been with her mother for several months, thus affording an example of filial devotion deserving of all commendation. During the last few weeks of Mrs. Kelsey's life she was a great sufferer. She bore her affliction most patiently, however, and her trials never for a moment dimmed her faith in the goodness of God.

At the communion service last Sunday seven new members were added to the First Church.

Tomorrow evening Dr. Dyott leaves for New York and will be absent four or five weks, during which time he will visit his mother in Maryland. This will be Dr. Dyott's first real vacation since he came here three years ago. While absent he expects to attend the National Council which meets in Boston, October 10-21. He will also endeavor to make arrangements by which a number of the strong men of the East will be present in this city during the session of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress which will be held next May or June, according to present intention.

Mrs. Frederick Eggert, of the First Church, will go to Boston in a few days as a delegate to the National Council.

Rev. Herbert G. Crocker will supply the pulpit of the First Church during Dr. Dyott's absence.

Yesterday we had a few good showers—the first in seventy-nine days worthy of mention; and the rejoicing thereat was universal. The year thus far has been a very fruitful one, and all classes of people, save those who desire food put into their mouths without personal effort, are generally prosperous.

Portland, September 11, 1910.

MEETING OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL AND CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETIES.

Tremont Temple, Boston, October 10-20.

The joint meeting of the National Council (14th Triennial Session) and Congregational Societies will be held at Boston, beginning October 10, Tremont Temple (headquarters), in Park Street Church, and one session in Symphony Hall.

The program will include as speakers President W. Douglas MacKenzie (preacher), President Henry Churchill King, President Marion L. Burton, Prof. Edward A. Steiner, Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., Rev. J. Percival Huget, Rev. Frank H. Smith, D.D., Mr Fred B Smith, Mr. John

R. Mott, Rev. R. Wardlaw Thompson, D.D., of London, Rev. Chas. E. Jefferson, D.D

In connection with the celebration of the centenary of the American Board representatives are expected from over fifty other missionary organizations, and there will be a pilgrimage to Andover and Bradford (where the American Board was organized) There will also be an excursion to Plymouth.

The "Committee of Thirty," in charge of local arrangements, will cordially provide free lodging and breakfast for officers, speakers, corporate members, missionaries and theological students and for duly accredited delegates of the National Council and benevolent societies,—in each case during the meetings of the society to which he is accredited, and provided applications therefor (giving the full name with title—Rev. Mr., Mrs. or Miss—of the applicant and stating to which one of the above classes he is or she belongs) be made in writing forthwith to Mr. George W. Mehaffey, chairman of the committee on Registration and Entertainment, Tremont Temple, Boston. Mr. Mehaffey will also be pleased to assign any delegate or other person attending these meetings, at his registration, in Tremont Temple, a hotel in which a room (European plan) may be secured, or a boarding place and restaurant at which noon and evening meals and other accommodations may be had, at the visitor's expense. All delegates and other visitors should register at Mr. Mehaffey's office in Tremont Temple upon reaching Boston.

The Home.

LIFE'S COMMON THINGS.

A common thing, you say?
Why, sweetheart, life is made of common things—
The violet that blooms beside the way,
The wee nests, born of love and summer time,
The sunshine and the shadaw of each day.

I love God's common things:
Sunrise and sunset, moon and evening star—
O, common stars, lighted so long ago—
The sunshine flashing back from soft, brown wings,
The full, strong sweep of tides that ebb and flow.

A common thing, sweetheart?
The grandest song is made of common chords,
The fair, white statue formed of common clay,
The noblest life is rounded out, at last,
By common deeds that make the common day.

—Florence Jones Hadley.

MRS. GILBERT'S THOUGHTLESSNESS.

It was at a convention. No matter what kind of a convention. In these days of all sorts of women's clubs, daughters and sisters of everything, as well as philanthropic societies without number, conventions are of no unusual occurrence. This particular one was composed of delegates from all over the State. They were entertained at the homes of local members, and it had been found necessary to assign two ladies to each room.

The closing session of the five days' meeting was ended. Good-bys were being said, and there was the bustle of departure. In a retired part of the church Miss Ethel Buffington awaited the coming of her roommate. It was their custom to walk together. She knew that Mrs. Gilbert would be delayed, for Mrs. Gilbert was a very popular woman and much sought after. Ethel could see her at the farther end of the room, surrounded by a circle of admirers. One week ago she would have joined the circle, for at that time she had been one of the ladies most ardent admirers. The name of Alice Gilbert had suggested to her everything sweet and gracious and womanly. It had been hard to believe her own good fortune when she had learned that for five whole days they were to be associated in closest intimacy. But now—

The first night had convinced her of Mrs. Gilbert's thoughtlessness—she had called it "thoughtlessness" then—when that lady had closed the window Ethel had opened before retiring, remarking that she could not sleep in a draught. "And I must have the right side of the bed," she added, "and this extra blanket is just what I need. I'm so susceptible to cold. And now, dear"—she always called her companion "dear"—would you mind turning off the gas?"

Ethel did as requested, though her own side of the bed was farthest from the light. The closed window and heavy blanket gave her a most uncomfortable night, but of course Mrs. Gilbert had rights, and of course she was doing what she thought was best for both. It was nearly morning when she fell asleep, and consequently nearly breakfast time when she awoke. Mrs. Gilbert was leisurely arranging her hair before the one mirror, and there she remained till the bell rang. Then, regardless of the girl's unfinished toilet, she asked to have her boots buttoned, exclaiming, as she left the room: "Do hurry, dear! It's awfully impolite to keep our hostess waitng."

The second night had caused Ethel to use a stronger word than "thoughtless," and each succeeding day had increased the list of adjectives.

The afternoon before, some of the ladies had stolen a little time from convention duties for rest and recreation. To her it had seemed a golden opportunity to visit the famous art museum of the city; but to her proposal Mrs. Gilbert had returned the astonishing assurance that not for all the art museums in the country would she miss the bargain sale at Ross and Langley's. "And do you know, dear, at the ten-cent store we can get souvenir post cards for ten cents a dozen. Just think of it!" So the bargain stores had consumed the precious hours.

It was growing late. From her quiet corner she could see the company dispersing. Snatches of conversation reached her. Just the other side of a pillar two women paused, and she recognized her roommate's voice:

"O, yes, the convention has been fine, the addresses inspiring; but, dear, I'm awfully glad it's over. Don't ask me why."

"What can you mean? Are you so tired of us all?"

"Not of you." The tone was one of affection and Ethel knew so well the look and gesture accompanying the words. "Not of you, dear, not of the meetings, but, Mrs. Green, if you knew my roommate you wouldn't have to ask why. How they ever came to put me with her, I can't imagine. She's the most fidgety thing you ever saw—can't keep still a minute. I believe a week of her would give me nervous prostration. And her table manners! Actually she doesn't know half the time whether to use a fork or a spoon!"

The speakers passed on. Ethel sat like one paralyzed, amazement, indignation, anger, struggling for mastery. Mrs. Gilbert—the selfish, the vain, the trivial, the hypocritical Mrs. Gilbert—criticising her! It was unbelievable. The disillusioning of the past five days had been a very serious matter. This was worst of all.

But Ethel was not without a saving sense of humor.

Now it came to her relief. There certainly was something funny in the situation. In a moment she sprang up with a gay little laugh. "Poor Mrs. Gilbert! Poor Ethel Buffington! Surely there are a big mote and a big beam somewhere. I wonder who has which."

The old sexton, lingering to lock the church door, said, "Yes, ma'am," to the remark of the last departing guest, addressed to nobody in particular:

"We'd have a great deal more charity for one another if we could just ' see oursels as ithers see us.' "—Julia Terrill, in Zion's Herald.

DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH OF YOUR FRIENDS.

Don't expect your friend to like all your other friends. On the other hand, don't criticise the friends of your friend. Browning has told us:

"Thank God, the meanest of his creatures
Has two soul sides, one to face the world with—
One to show a woman when he loves her."

Our own Oliver Wendell Holmes was even more generous, for he gave each of us six personalities. Thus it may well be that we see one Mary Smith while our friend sees quite another, and that our friend sees perfections in Anna Jones quite hidden from our view.—Harper's Bazar.

FOES OF BEAUTY.

If I were asked what was the greatest foe to beauty in both man and woman, I would say, not errors in diet, not lack of exercise, not overwork, nor corsets, nor any one of these, but bad mental habits. What do I mean by bad mental states? I mean anger, fear, worry, anxiety, irritability, regret, envy, jealousy, lack of trust in one's self and in the great God—all these are bad mental states, and all these destroy beauty, not only by interfering with the action of the vital organs, but by directly disfiguring the expression on the face.—Outing.

DELUSION OF WAITING TILL "READY."

Those who do little with little, will do little with much. A lady said with real tragedy in her voice: "I used to think that when we had a new house I would entertain much and have my friends often—I have always wanted them. And when the home was building I took a great deal of pleasure planning for the social enjoyment we would have. I had it arranged so it would be easy to entertain and have guests to stay with us. 'These two large rooms,' I said, 'will be convenient for receptions and parties. And around this cozy grate our intimate friends will gather often—we will have some of them in two or three times a week for the evening.' "

She paused and shook her head, and there came into her eyes that old, old look of regret for plans unfulfilled.

"It was just the same when the house was done. The lack of room and convenience was no longer an excuse—but there was always something in the way—some unforeseen reason why I did not have my friends. And the time slipped away. The blinds in the guest rooms are drawn, and our house is desolate of friendships' frequent cheer."

It was a confession—a confession of a very common habit of mind that causes the human heart more sorrows and regrets than almost any other. How many, many of us have fed ourselves on that same delusion: "I will when everything is ready."

The most fruitful source of this delusion is the false notion that one must do things as some one else does them; that it requires a certain standard of physical possessions and material service to render social intercourse enjoyable.

There never was a more foolish mistake. Certainly spacious rooms, agreeable surroundings, excellent service and good food are things not to be despised. But after all it is the personal element that counts in any social affair. It is us our friends enjoy, not our chairs and food—else they are no friends of ours, but merely of the cook and the furniture maker.

Whether one lives in a two-room cabin in a mining settlement, in an avenue mansion, or anywhere between, the principal of true social enjoyment, of genuine hospitality is all the same. One may wait just as long and just as vainly in one as the other for "everything to be ready"—and it will never be. It is just as easy in one place as the other to let things come in the way—vague excuses, common worries, daily tasks. And just as easily in one place as another may one let little things grow into mountains that shut out the view of that goodly land which flows with the milk of human kindness and the honey of real social enjoyment.

Or one may as readily in the one place as the other enjoy one's friends socially. After all the end of genuine entertaining is not to make a display, nor to get a society record, not to pay debts and grudges but to open one's home to congenial people, to have with us as often as may be those friends and acquaintances whom we enjoy and enjoy us. Whether it is around the fireplace in the mountain cabin, in the village cottage or the city flat, or in the country palace or city mansion, it is all done the same way—by making the best of the things that are and the time that is. And the object is the same, to have our friends with us that we may enjoy each other's thoughts and experiences in sympathy and laughter, and in touching each other's personalities and seeing into each other's hearts, be glad to live and help and enjoy.—W. M. Hanby, in The Interior.

ODD FACTS ABOUT CLOTHING.

I have very rarely mentioned, the subject of clothes, and this is the first time I have ever expressed myself publicly on that subject. I may wear strange clothes myself, but I always ignore it, because I find that, above all things, this stamps a man a crank in the eyes of modern people.

Do you know that the character of the man who wears a high collar is different from the character of the man who wears a low collar; that they feel differently; that they have different conceptions of themselves; they think they belong to a little different sphere of life? The man with the high collar thinks he has something that the man with the low collar hasn't, and the man with the low collar thinks he has something that the man with the high collar hasn't, and they both look down with contempt upon the man with only a collar button and no collar at all.

We talk about the natives of Alaska with their totems and their idols, the strange figures that they worship, and we look down upon them because they worship the totem. But how much more a fantastic and strange object is that which many men worship—the shape of their hats? And it is even true that a man that wears one form of hat feels ashamed of himself if he has to go out on the street with another form of hat on.

If we had a man with a straw hat and a man with a silk hat and a train, those three objects, and the train was going and those two men attempted to catch the train, do you know which man would catch that train? You do, don't you? Because you know the religion of that silk hat wouldn't allow that man to run. It would be ridiculous to run in a silk hat. But a straw hat allows little trivialities, and one of these trivialities is running providing that man wishes to catch a train, because no running other than for a train is allowed by any hat whatever.—Raymond Neunson in September Physical Culture.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happ er than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happ.er than those who sit on thorns."

Some children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little man?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow. "O, I dets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

A little g'rl, when her father's table was honored with an esteemed guest, began talking very earnnestly at the first pause of the conversation. Her father checked her very sharply, saying: "Why is it that you talk so much?" " 'Tause I've dot somesin' to say," was the innocent reply of the little one.

Two-year-old Harry had never seen a live lamb, his only knowledge of that animal being derived from a toy one on wheels. While visiting grandpa on the farm, he was taken to the sheep pen to see the lambs. After looking at them for a few m nutes, he looked up at grandpa with a puzzled expression, and asked: "Where's the wheels?"

"Mamma," said little Ethel, with a discouraged look on her face, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, my dearie, what's the matter?" the mother gently inquired. " 'Cause it ain't no use at all. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words on me all the time."

A little chap was offered the chance to spend a week in the country, but refused. Coaxing, pleading, argu'ng, promising untold wonders, alike brought from him nothing but the stubborn ultimatum: "No country for me!"

"But why not?" someone asked, finally.

"Because," he responded, "they have threshing machines down there, an' it's bad enough here where it's done by hand."

Our Young People

WHY MOTHER WAS TIRED.

Dinner was over, and mother had cleared the table and was wash'ng up the dishes. Emma had made a half-hearted offer to wash them, but her mother had told her to go on with her lessons, for she must not get behind so near examination. Emma knew quite well that the half-hour required to wash the dishes could well be spared, and that she could easily get her lessons afterwards. But she was only too ready to accept her mother's view of the question, and industriously applied herself to her history and grammar. Now and then the clatter of the dishes from the kitchen disturbed her, not as a mere noise might, but as a faint rem'nder that she had neglected her real duty.

Dick was reading an interesting book, for he very much enjoyed these hours of leisure after the hard day's work clerking in the shoe department of a large, busy store. Little Nellie, who was in the second grade and as yet brought home no work, was cutting out paper girls and ladies, and coloring them with her penc'ls. All about her the whittlings of the frequently sharpened pencils and the scraps of paper littered the carpet, some of them even drifting back under the lounge and the table. This was a jolly hour to her, too, and her mother invariably had to clean up the disorder left behind her when she was sent to bed. Rob and Evart were deep in a game of chess, and the jackstraws they had just pushed aside to make room for the chessboard were scattered at their elbows.

Father was reading his even'ng paper, at the other end of the table, his feet propped restfully on an upholstered chair, from which he had carelessly pushed the protecting cover. His cold pipe lay upside down on the table, spilling ashes all over the clean cloth, and the shoes he had discarded for his slippers had been tossed into a corner.

Presently mother came in, and with a sigh, so deep, so profoundly weary and hopeless that father involuntarily glanced up, she sank into her low sewing rocker and drew the big mending basket toward her. The others read, played, joked and chatted. Altogether it seemed a happy family circle, if one did not know, that it was utter weariness that kept the mother herself silent, that her eyes and fingers were so tired that she could scarcely take the tiny st'tches in Emma's torn skirt, or darn the staring holes in Rob's and Evart's hose.

At last Emma finished her task, pushed aside her books and went toward the piano.

"Sha'n't we have some music before we go to bed?" she asked.

"Come, mother, father, boys and you, too, Nellie. We'll sing, 'Home, Sweet Home.' "

The rest rose to join in with alacrity, but mother, who had put aside the basket of neatly-mended clothes, only folded her tired hands in her lap and shook her head.

"Mother, why is it you never sing with us any more?" queried Dick.

"I am always too t'red, dear," was the low answer.

"I wonder where you find so much to do, Mary," her husband remarked, frowning a little. "Seems to me, with the washing and ironing done away from home, and a good seamstress to do up the sewing fall and spring, you ought not to be so tired, just keeping up the house and getting the meals. How is it?"

For a moment his wife made no reply, while a pained look came into her patient brown eyes.

"Ask me tomorrow n'ght," she said at length, a light of determination growing in her face and a red spot burning on her cheek. "I will have my answer ready for you then."

This enigmatical remark aroused the family curiosity, but to all questions and entreaties she would only say, "I will have my answer ready tomorrow night."

The next evening, when the family were at last seated around the table, mother came in and took her place bes'de the fire. In her hand she held a sheet of paper closely covered with her own neat handwriting.

"Is that your answer, Mary?" her husband inquired, a twinkle of amusement in his eyes. "It looks like a lawyer's brief."

"No lawyer had a hand in this, but I hope it will plead my case with you, at any rate," she answered as she handed him the paper. "You may read it aloud, if you please."

Her husband smiled a little as he reflected on the unreasonableness and whimsicality of women in general, and what a tempest in a teapot they can raise over a trifle. But he held the paper near the light and read:

"Why I am tired tonight. One day's program:

"Rose at 5, and built a fire in the range, in order to get father and Dick off to work in time. Got breakfast, at which three kinds of cereals are required to suit different tastes, as well as meat for father; built a fire in the din'ng room and laid the table. Called the family to breakfast, having to make three trips upstairs to get Rob and Evart out of bed. Swallowed my own cup of coffee in such haste that I scalded my tongue, and ate a cold egg and a lukewarm buscuit after the rest were served.

"Dressed Nellie and combed her hair for school. Hunted father's rubbers and gloves, sewed on two buttons for him and fixed him up some cough medic'ne. Made three trips upstairs to find Dick's tie, his purse and some other trifles

he had mislaid and which no one else can ever find except mother. Then sewed up a rent in his coat.

"Buttoned Emma's waist, curled her hair, mended the glove she had forgotten to attend to and helped her find her wraps and books. At the last minute she called back that she had forgotten her history. Made another trip upstairs after it.

"Put on Rob's and Evart's muffler's myself, because they always neglect it. Helped find their beoks.

"The milkman and the butcher's boy called while I was doing all this, and I stopped long enough to settle the former's bill and to give the later the order for the roast for dinner.

"Saw everybody off safely at last, having put up a separate lunch for each of the school children, and doctored Nellie's sore throat, and passed a few remarks with Mrs. Brown, who always runs over during the morning rush to borrow or return something.

"Half-past 9. Everybody disposed of, including the laundryman, who called with Dick's shirts and collars; the solicitor, to whom I gave the usual order for groceries; the woman who brought back the week's wash, the man to read the electric meter and another who brought a load of coal. The kitchen and dining room also in order, and the porches swept. I now had time to turn my attention to the living room.

"Such a room! Everything was topsy-turvy, and I hardly knew where to begin. Chairs and tables were pushed about in reckless confusion, Nellie's scraps littered the entire corner that she had occupied, the chessmen sprawled awry over the board and the table, the jackstraws were scattered promiscuously, books and magazines covered table and chairs, loose sheets of music lay on the top of the piano, on the stool and on a chair. I picked up by hand the scraps the carpet sweeper would not take up, folded the music and placed it in the rack, gathered the chessmen and jackstraws into their respective boxes and placed them where they belonged. Then I straightened the chairs and tables, put away father's pipe, cleaned up the spilled ashes and burnt matches, picked up his slippers and Rob's soiled handkerchief and Dick's cigar stubs and Nellie's scissors and colored pencils. Then I swept, dusted and opened the windows to air the room.

"Bedrooms next. Made Emma's bed. Hung away her nightgown which lay across a chair, put her soiled garments in the wash, set her bedroom slippers in the closet, cleaned her comb and brush and straightened her dresser. gathered up her crumpled hair ribbons, a collar or two and a waist that lay on a chair. Dusted the room and put down the windows.

"Made Dick's bed. Picked up another cigar stub and some more burnt matches, gathered up his discarded collar and cuffs, straightened his collar box, which he had dumped upside down to hunt a collar button, scattering the contents over the dresser. Hung away his pajamas, put his slippers where they belonged, laid away a letter he had left open, dusted the room and put down the windows.

"Made Rob's and Evart's bed. Put back on the shelf the books they had been reading after bedtime against my strict orders, picked up the scraps left from cutting out pieces for their scrapbooks, put away their slippers and night clothes, cleaned off the dresser—on which I think they had dumped the contents of their pockets—gathered up their soiled garments for the wash, picked up a pocketknife and two pencils and a piece of string from the floor, dusted the room and opened the windows, which they had neglected to do on rising.

"Went into mine and father's room. Made the bed, hung up father's pajamas, put away his Sunday shoes and coat, gathered up his soiled garments for the wash, swept some tobacco off the carpet and"—

"Mary, I won't read another word. I'm ashamed to."

Her husband's voice had grown husky, and Dick's face was red. Emma's eyes were full of unshed tears, and the two younger boys looked as they felt, exceedingly uncomfortable and ashamed.

"But that is only the program up to 11," objected mother, trying to keep from smiling. "In the afternoon I pressed Emma's waists and ribbons, lengthened a dress for Nellie, entertained two tiresome callers and three agents, answered seven 'phone calls, got the roast and some fresh pies ready for dinner, read a chapter in the Bible, trimmed over my old hat, wrote a long letter to mother, slipped on a clean wrapper and ran around to auntie's for a pattern I needed, helped Mrs. Brown fit a dress and"—

"Mother, don't say another word. I can't bear it!" exclaimed Emma, bursting into tears and burying her face in her mother's lap. "And then I came home, after lingering half an hour at Edith's gate, threw off my school things and tossed my books on the lounge and sat down to read, while you went on with the meal you were getting. And then I let you wash the dishes, and wondered why you were 'cross' enough to refuse when I wanted you to help me with my composition. Oh, mother, I'll do better hereafter, indeed I will. We could have saved you at least one-half the day's work by attending to our own things, and lightened the other half by at least a word or a look of gratitude."

"Yes, mother," Dick put in, slipping his arm around her slight shoulders, "we're a bad, thoughtless, unthankful lot, and we know it now, but we'll turn over a new leaf tonight, won't we, boys?"

"You'd better believe," was the answer, while Rob added, "And I always thought we were quite a model family!"

"I'll pick up every scrap after this, mamsey," murmured a little voice, as Nellie's small, tearful face was pressed to

"And I guess there's room for me to reform, too, dear," said father's deep voice, with an unusual tremor in it.

And they kept their word.—Daisy Wright Field, in The Interior.

PA'S BOY.

When pa was just a little boy,
  Gee, how he ust to work.
He sawed the wood an' built the fires
  An' never tried to shirk.
He always filled the reservoy,
  An' swept the porches, too;
N'I guess there wasn't many thinggs
  Pa didn't ust to do.

Now ma gets up and builds the fires;
  She says I am too small—
An' sweeps the porches an' the walks
  An' doesn't mind at all.
She says she's glad to let my pa
  His morning nap enjoy,
Because he's tired with all the wcrk
  He done when he's a boy.

When I get big I'll get a wife
  Edzazctly like my ma;
To do the chores an' let me sleep
  Just like she does my pa
An' when I've had my mornin' nap
  You bet that I'll enjoy
To tell 'em how I ust to work
  When I's a little boy.

—Elizabeth Clarke Hardy in Wisconsin Agriculturist.

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